

**Master Negative  
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**OCI00036.31**

**The Dear Irish boy**

**Waterford**

**[18--]**

**Reel: 36 Title: 31**

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Master Negative Storage Number: OC100036.31**

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**Title : The Dear Irish boy : together with, A trick on the parson ;  
Slowly wears the day love.**

**Imprint : Waterford : Printed by W. Kelly, [18--]**

**Format : 8 p. ; 16 cm.**

**Note : Cover title.**

**Note : Title vignette.**

**Note : Without music.**

**Subject : Chapbooks, Irish.**

**Added Entry : Kelly, W.**

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THE  
**Dear Irish Boy.**

TOGETHER WITH

A Trick on the Parson.

Slowly wears the day love.

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WATERFORD:

Printed by **W. KELLY.**

## THE DEAR IRISH BOY.

My Connor his cheeks are as ruddy as morn,  
 The brightest of pearls do not mimic his teeth,  
 While nature with ringlets, his mild brows  
 adorn,  
 His hair Cupid's bow strings, and roses his  
 breath.

## CHORUS.

Smiling, beguiling, cheering, endearing,  
 Together oft over the mountains we  
 strayed,  
 By each other delighted, & fondly united,  
 I listened all day to my dear Irish Boy.

No roe buck more swift could fly over the  
 mountains,  
 No veteran bolder meet danger or scars,  
 He's sightly, he's sprightly, he's clear as a  
 fountain,  
 His eyes twinkle love, oh! he's gone to the  
 wars.

Smiling, &c.

The soft tuning lark, his notes changed to  
 mourning,  
 The dark screaming owl impedes my night's  
 sleep.

3

While seeking alone walks in the shade of the  
evening,  
'Till my Connor's return, I will never cease to  
weep.

Smiling, &c.

The war it being over, and he not returned,  
I fear that some envious plot has been laid,  
Or that some cruel goddess has him captivated,  
And left here to mourn his dear Irish maid.

Smiling, &c.

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## A TRICK ON THE PARSON.

Air. — "Ballinamona Oro."

In the parish of Lusk, near the yoke of Fin-  
gall,  
There lived a young lad, and his name was  
M'Fall,  
Who courted a damsel, sweet Mary M'Call,  
Was cook, slut, and dairy-maid, butler and all,  
To a bloated up big-belly'd Parson,  
Called shambl'd hough'd old Walter Carson,  
As hairy and ugly as Orson.  
But now lend an ear to my tale.

One Sunday, the parson to Mary did say,  
Take notice my girl, I'm going out to pray,

Put down the spit quickly, and make no delay  
 With a pair of young ducks, be them white,  
     green, or grey,  
 Well toasted, and roasted likewise then,  
 And tasty as two mutton pies then,  
 A couple of a moderate size then,  
 Will coax me to drink my strong ale.

Then Mary comply'd, and got ready the fowl,  
 But beg'd the old Parson would pray for her  
     soul.

The gown's-man said yes, with a hell of a growl,  
 But first took a swig of his malt, that is as old,  
 Then off sure he went then, with speed sir,  
 To church, his bible to read sir,  
 And mounted his pony indeed sir,  
 Who scarce could keep foot with a snail.

He scarcely went out, when M'Fall he came  
     in,

And twig'd up young Mary just under the chin,  
 To gain her affection he then did begin,  
 And to kiss his darling he thought it no sin,  
 He told her he long'd for a bit sir,  
 Of that little duck on the spit sir,  
 She was in such a merry fit sir,  
 To please him she never would fail,

To put him from longing, she straight did  
     repair,  
 And to please his palate she made it her care,



M' Fall chew'd as rash as a ten year old hare,  
 Till he gobbled it all then, I vow and declare,  
 He nimble kept waging his jaws sir,  
 His teeth were as sharp as a saw sir.  
 He left not as much as the claws sir,  
 But eat from the legs to the tail.

So when he had done a few kisses he stole,  
 Saying dear, in my appetite still is a hole,  
 My darling sweet Mary. you are a gay soul,  
 Then tip me the second before it gets cold,  
 An excuse can be made for a ram, love,  
 As well as an innocent lamb, love,  
 So here now I'll give you my hand, love,  
 To you I will never turn tail.

Poor Mary being willing to humour her dear,  
 To pull off the second she quickly did steer,  
 The boy was right handy you need never fear,  
 And wash'd it all down with the Parson's  
     strong beer,  
 So when that the job he got through sir,  
 He kiss'd her and bid her adieu sir,  
 And left her to guess what to do sir,  
 When in the old Parson did sail.

But now comes the best of my comical jest,  
 The Parson brought with him a rustic brave  
     guest,  
 And into the parlour I vow and protest,

He brought the rich stranger, 'till dinner was  
dress'd,  
The Parson he had a large blade sir,  
To sharpen it he made it his trade sir,  
And soon to the bed-room he stray'd sir,  
To whet it to carve up his meat.

So when the old Parson was leathering his  
knife,  
Said the maid to the stranger, sir upon my life,  
My cursed wicked master has often caus'd strife  
And parted the husband from his loving wife.  
The moment sir, that I beheld you,  
I knew he intended to geld you  
It's late when the monster had kill'd you,  
For me to be telling the tale.

The fat country gag, then, he bent down his  
ear,  
In order of course the old Parson to hear,  
When that he had notic'd, he said then my  
dear,  
Be pleas'd to direct me, the safe course to steer,  
She shew'd him out the back-door sir,  
And tell him to make his ground sure sir,  
As his life it would not be secure sir,,  
The only plan now was leg-bail.

He ran like a devil that broke out of hell,  
And Mary went in, her old master to tell,  
Her tongue then it rattled, just like a fire-bell,

And cried out to her master, the villain to kill,  
 For he cram'd the two ducks in his breeches,  
 And now he is jumping the ditches,  
 Badluck to the rogue and his breeches,  
 He left not a bit for our meal.

The Parson ran out with the knife in his  
 hand,

Crying open your breeches, my gay honest man,  
 The stranger look'd back, and he said go be  
 damn'd.

You thought for to geld me, you had the thing  
 plan'd,

You bloody old viper of Satan,

Your treasure is wrongfully gotten,

No wonder your teeth they are rotten,

You praying old big-belly'd whale,

The poor simple Parson being short in the  
 puff,

He gaye up the chase, as he had ran enough,

He did not well relish the stranger's vile stuff,

And so returned, you're sure in a huff,

And din'd on some bread and cold beer sir,

The sinner had no better cheer sir,

The whole of the joke, you did hear sir,

And now I do finish my tale.

## SLOWLY WEARS THE DAY LOVE.

Slowly wears the day love,  
 When away from thee,  
 Scenes before so gay love,  
 Charm no longer me.

The bower that sweetly smiles love,  
 Decked with roses fair,  
 Seems o' desert wild love,  
 When thou art not there.

My heart with joy o'erflows love,  
 When i see thee near,  
 Each pulse with rapture glows love,  
 When thy voice i hear;  
 And in thy angel smile love,  
 Heaven appears to be.  
 It is as free from guile love  
 It is as dear to me.